

Reborn Center For Hot Buttered Roll
Birthday Poem At Twenty One

my child i have sent you my worry
on blank and wrinkled paper

you are a man now
you can release yourself

i will not be the burden you
are strong enough to carry

look for the symbol here
it is a gift for your birthday

i have hidden it in a smile because i
do not know how to tell you what it is

it is not a cigarette or a drink
or a knock at the door

it is something that aches
at the back of my head

i put my hand where it is and
it is no longer yours

do you understand your mother?
her strange love? her thoughts that

stop in the middle?
then good, we will leave it at that,

have a nice life